American at That.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

Marbled Depths Where Shadows Play on Troubled Waters and Chaos Spreads Out in Theilling Color -Incidents of a Visit.

The ancient gentleman who thought him self smart enough to pick out the wonders of the world made a great mistake in omitting the Grana Canyon of the Colorado from his list, but as he was probably taught at school that the Pillars of Hercules were the jumping off place of the world, perhaps he was not altogether inexcusable. When, however, nature cuts a gash in the rind of this old sphere 300 miles long, with a gap of twelve to eighteen miles and depths of 6,500 feet, dumps it full of mountains and chasms owity about how they got there and he went and sets a mighty river or two wandering through its labyrinths in search of the sea, it is worthy consideration. Such in brief is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in north- of the territory in which to consider the ern Arizona, whose imperial title has been problem of the lost sheep, and Mrs. "Missouri filched to glorify many a smaller chasm in other parts of the world.

He who would enjoy nature in her wildest mood in this canyon must pay for the privimay be possible to enter a sleeping car in the sighing pines on the brink of the canyonof course with a couple of days intervening, but what are a few fleeting hours in the presence of this revelation? Flagstaff is only a reminiscence of wild western days, but it was not always so tame. At the foot of the hill just beyond town is an inclosure with a number of sinking mounds and a few headboards, from which time and rain have obliterated jocular and irreverent epitaphs. It is known as "Boots Cemetery." It remains as a reminder of the exciting days in which an ounce of sputtering lead made the climax of many a story that needed only the tell-ing of a Bret Harte, or did humanity and nature a favor by biotting out an unworthy life. The old-timer will explain that the name, "Boots Cemetery," was only the blunt west-ern acknowledgment that many an occupant of six feet of its accommodations was not permitted to remove his footwear before finishing the story or paying the debt. Those were the days when the Atlantic & Pacific railroad was building, and later, when the Arizona Central started southward to open up mines of fabulous wealth. The first did not pause here long, and the other became tired and stopped in the middle of nowhere until the Arizona Lumber company gobbled the bankrupt concern, tore up the rails and degraded the thing into a logging convenience

THE STARTING POINT. Flagstaff is a peaceful place in these latter days. The tiger still disports itself openly but its claws have been clipped. A leading citizen may still be seen in gambling room by passers on the sidewalk without losing social prestige, but there is no obtrusive display of "forty-fivers," and personal difficulties do not often lead to an involuntary visit to Boots cemetery, feet foremost Black-eyed, dark-skinned men there are, with scraggy beards and slouching hats, who might, so far as looks go, have stepped out of a melodrama with a "greaser" for a villain, but their chief offense seems to lie in their insistence on balking a stranger's every curlosity with an inevitable, exasper-ating, "No sabe." Indians there are, some-." Indians there are, some times, with silver bracelets of quaint carying and blankets of Navajo weaving, but they are more picturesque than harmful. The old inhabitant will sadly admit that the town is not what it was.

Flagstaff is not without its note of culture

for on the hill overlooking the town the dome of Percival Lowell's observatory, in the dazzling southern sun, is a gleaming speck of white in an ocean of brown. Mr. Lowell has a hobby and can afford to ride it. He came hither from Boston to spy on Mars and congratulates himself that he has proved the existence of neighbors on that planet and solved the riddle of its canals. The towrspeople are laboring under the impres sion that he caught the Marsians sailing along their great canals between the rows of green trees. Mr. Lowell was a popular of green trees. Mr. Lowell was a popular man in Flagstaff, for even the small amount of cash which he and his several assistants distributed was not to be despised when sheep were a drug on the market at any price. There were many big ranches in every direction until the sheep business fell on evil days, and now the town is full of "busted" sheepmen and herders. They are sure "the tariff did it," but that's getting into politics. Big sawmills that are slowly eating up about the only pine in the southwest support a considerable part of the population.

THE ROAD AND THE DISTANCE. The distance to the Grand canyon of the Colorado is an uncertain quantity. The railroad folders put it at sixty-five miles ut the author of railroad literature uses a romancer's license. Bicycle riders offer cyclometer records of seventy-two to seventyive miles, and the man who covers it on the stage is not likely to complain that the cyclometers have overdone the thing. However, it isn't a matter of miles to Manager Thurber of the stage line, but of hours. With three relays of horses he bridges the gap in thirteen hours, with a good meal at either end and a civilized dinner in the desert midway. When travel becomes suffi-ciently heavy to nurture a strong public sentiment, Mr. Thurber may make hours, as he can easily do, but the

new railroad may anticipate him.

The distance may frighten timid easterners, but as a matter of fact the road is one of the finest in the west. It skirts no preci-pless at the hazard of life, and it has no hills on which a broken trace would be a guaranty of a quick passage into kingdom come. wanders through miles of pine forest, but there is scarcely a root in its whole length. It dodges lava beds and mountains and crawls over rocky formations much of the way, but with the exception of two or three miles there are no stones to speak of in the o of wagon wheels. Much of it is a hard dirt road, which is daily swept of its dust by swirling winds. On a particularly windy day one may follow the line of the road for many miles by the whirling columns of dust, which glide along this smooth track the interminable mesas, leading the like a pillar of clouds. Nature is generous in Arizona in the matter of land. The widely scattered, with no underbrush, and the side bared to the blasts of the north is generally without limbs. The re-sult is a bright, open forest, full of lop-sided trees. There are squirrels without number and plenty of signs of deer and antelope. It is not a bard ride if one can persuade Manager Thurber to use a covered carriage with a spring under the seat.

FULL OF BORDER LORE.

The traveler to the canyon who happens have Oscar, the stable boss, for a driver will play with fortune. Oscar is not mighty of stature, but he is a product of Arizona. In the days when he was a freighter his wagon dropped off into a hole which a wandering water spout had left behind it, and the incident left him with constant remind-When he came to, after lying an hour running stream, he found a limpness in his leg that had never been there before, even in his drinking days, and he awoke to the fact that he had a collar bone. He managed to unhitch his horses and then patiently lay down for some passerby to pick him up. The surgeon said that, barring a broken leg and a fractured collar health. a broken leg and a fractured collar bone, there wasn't anything the matter with him but a varied assortment of bruises, which were not dangerous. There is an impediment in Oscar's step and he has a trick of wind-ing the lines about his left wrist, but he is not afraid to handle the reins over a team of newly broken bronchos.

Oscar is full of Arizona lore and not a er of it. At the start he will point out Sunset mountains to the east and describe their crater. With the eloquence of the simple man in the presence of nature's worders he will tell how the ashes of the extinct volcano fell in showers about the crater and covered the mountain with a dead, black pall. To the north he will show the San Franciscos, three isolated peaks which dominate the view for many hours on the long ride, but even his philosophy is not

NATURE'S MIGHTY CREVICE equal to the task of explaining the presence of a lake on a crest 13,000 feet above the sea of a lake on a crest 13,000 feet above the sea has had as many as 300 at \$1 per head per level. On the mountains, canyons, trails, month. They take care of themselves, leav-The Greatest Wonder in the World, and way station through a gap in the hills be will point out the site of a buried city. For many years there was no sign of water within many miles, and the hunter and herder who strayed that way marveled to bemselves and their kind until one mor inquisitive than his fellows dug into the ashes of this American Pompell and found a stream running as it must have run when this city was a human hive, untold centuries ago.

THE MIDWAY REST. The midway station is Cedar Ranch. owner and manager is Mrs. "Missouri Bill." Mr. Missouri Bill," aided by German thrifti nese (and perhaps Arizona handinese) was a p man in the "good old days" of which his kind now talk in reminiscent tones, and equired two or three ranches and many Of the number of the latter he prob ably had no clearer idea than Vanderbilt of his millions. A neighbor several months ago missed some of his sheep, and allowed there were about 200 of them. He didn't mind the loss of the sherp so much, for he figured that the fewer he had the better off he was, but when he saw them among the flocks of Mr "Missouri Bill" he naturally had some curi over in search of information. This was one of the few recent cases in which '45ers en-

rainless clouds, waterless rivers and fate in a stern fight to save the legacy of her husband for two golden-haired tots who luckily mood in this canyon must pay for the pay for the stage maked with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and tedlous approach from A log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and a barbed wire fence—that is Cedar Ranch. The front yard, a brown mesa, the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long and a barbed wire fence—that is Cedar Ranch. The front yard, a brown mesa, the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach from the log house, a corral for the stage maked lege with a long approach lege with a long approac are too young to know their loss. A log house, a corral for the stage horses Chicago or San Francisco and wake up under is strewn with hummocks of lava, as though a god had dumped titantic barrow loads here and there. At the rear a hill shuts out the other half of the world, and its codars and pinons are the only green things which have escaped the blight of the scorching sun. It is twenty miles to the nearest neighb the south and thirty-five to Flagstaff, the nearest town. Forty miles to the hotel of tents on the brink of the canyon, and the only inhibitant between is the

tered into a neighborly discussion. The in-

Bill" is striving single-handed against tariffs,

quisitive man has seven years at the expens

meals at a camp fire, sleeps in a tent and smokes by the hour. The woman who goes to her front door toward noon shades her eyes with her hands and looks for a moving black speck ten miles to the north, has plenty of good water and the companionship of her children—and doesn't use tobacco. The man at Moqui has the company of several horses, but only Red Dan thoroughly understands him, and the drivers frequently rob him of Dan for two days at a time. The water in a neighboring mud hole, called a "tank," may be three months old, and full of wigglers, but there is plenty until the tank runs dry, and then it l matter of carting it from the next tank, eight miles away. But that isn't the worst

SHORT-LIVED JOY. A man soon learns not to be too particular in Arizona about the kind of water he gets to drink, and he is a wise man if he acquires the habit of doing without liquids for a day of two at a strech, just to keep in practice. the man at Moqui is always baunted by the fear of twenty-four hours of agony if stage driver should forget his tobacco. Twenty miles, even in Arizo rather too far for a man to go for a chew or a pipeful of tobacco. For sixty minutes each day the man at Moqui watches the black object crawl over the simmering plain and grow larger and larger antil it is transformed into a stage, and he feeds his hungering soul with speculations as to whether Bill or Pete or Jack who is cracking the over the approaching bronchos. For thirty minutes each day he knows the joy of looking on a human face and hearing the tones of a human voice. For hours before and hours after he and his pinon are the center of forty miles of solitude and desolation. His chief concern is to dodge the bilstering rays of the sun by following the shadow of the pinon in its circling movement. What

his dream of happiness? The "hotel" is likely to prove a surprise but in the end it must be an agreeable surprise, for it holds creature comforts that are trebled by rough contrasts. It consists of one small log cabin and a dozen tents scattered among the swaying pines. Small tents furnish iron bedsteads, plenty of covering and other luxuries strange to Arizona, while fruits from California and delicacies from the far east are among the wonders of the big tent. The cook is a Chinaman, whose picturesque possibilities have won a host of camera carriers, and John has become an expert at posing among his pots and pans. landlord of this mixture of primitive simplic ity and modern luxury either hasn't the pride of his class or has been too busy with his welcome hospitality to show that pride for there is no sin to betray his name. He

once hailed from Hornellsville, N. Y., and Buffalo, N. Y., where he was in the service of the Erie railroad, and later lived at Lafayette, Ind. His name is L. H. Tolfree, and he and his wife and daughters are jolly, companionable hosts. INCIDENTAL GUN PLAY.

The log cabin, stored with provisions, he center of evening life. Its yawning stone fireplace is a magnet, for, at an altitude of more than 7,000 feet, a cedar fire is often a comfort even in the summer. Its genial glow warms the story teller into a kindly mood and mayhap throws a casual miner or hunter or herder into picturesque relief. Here is sure to be found John Hance, who turned the tide of travel hitherward by two years of lonely labor in building a trail down the naccessible steeps of the Grand canyon For many years the bare logs of this cabin held for him all the joys and beauties of "Home, sweet home," Once he was forced to share it with a man who had jumped his claim. For three months, with a gun or a revolver never out of reach, they eyed each other across the dead line, backed out of the single door in leaving, and by tacit agree-ment declared a truce every night, until a alow grinding court ejected the intruder.

Hance is an interesting character, who, in humble way, has been an important factor in bringing the Grand canyon before the public. Born in the east, he went through the war, and then, as a hunter of buffalses and other big game, drifted through Mis-souri, across Kansas and into the Rockies. Twelve years ago he found himself on the brink of the canyon with all his worldly possessions comprised in a broncho and his rife. The mystery of the canyon piqued his curlosity. He suspected its depths con-cealed rich streaks and deposits of mineral nd he determined to turn gold hunter. "Pinto, this war good enough fur me," he said to his faithful steed, "and I guess we'd better squat." Pinto offered no objections and they squatted.

BUILDING A TRAIL. For ten years he lived alone, except for an occasional temporary partner. It was forty miles to his next door neighbor, but he had in his own front door yard leagues and leagues of the canyon sculptured by nature into sublime and fantastic forms, and he found companionship in the peaks and crags o which he gave names. His log cabin made the canyon accessible, for it for the first time offered the traveler shelter and food or the brink of the chasm. In a land where sirgle cabins, and even mudholes (or "tanks") rise to the dignity of a place on naps, John Hance and his hospitality quickly

ecame famous. For two summers Hance hired out as sheep herder to carn money to carry out his cheme. With his cabin stocked with pro victors, he put in the winters constructing a narrow, winding trail down the steep sides of the cliffs toward the roaring Colorado river seven or eight miles away. He finally made trail passable for burros, and charged visitors a toll for using it. Up to that time the canyon had not been accessible except to hardy and daring men, who took their lives n their hands in creeping down its rugged ides. One exception should be made to this Ten years ago Mrs. Edward Ayer of Chicago went a long way down the cauyor before there was a trall, in company with her husband and others, and she won the distinct of being the first white woman to go into the big charm. She even climbed up one of

the mountains in the canyon, and it is to this day known as Ayer's Peak in her honor. Hance found many signs of gold, silver and copper in the depths of the mighty chasm, and when the government claimed the canyon and its sides for a national park it respected his prospect holes. The hardy pioneer finds

herds horses for neighboring ranchers, and has had as many as 300 at \$1 per head per month. They take care of themselves, leaving him free to dig. When it snows above the white fiskes are melted by the warm air in the canyon and fall in the form of rain. Many a time when there are five feet of snow on the canyon's rim Hance and his companions are prospecting in their shirt sleeves

GUARDING ITS SECRETS. With the exception of a single crag that Grand Canyon to be seen from the tented otel pestling in the wooded glen barely 100 yards away. This might be regarded as typi cal of the success of this chasm in guarding its secrets from the world. Although discovered by the first Spanish explorers in 1540 its depths were an impenetrable mystery un till twenty-six years ago. The Sitgreaves exstruck the lower end of the canyo 1 1851, and Lieutenant Ives approached it from two points in 1857-58 in search of a water route for supplies for military posts. With the exception of occasional visits by Spaniards, bunters and Indians, this is the nistory of Grand Canyon exploration up to

haunts of civilized men and from the rdinary routes of travel, and it was one of the last big rivers in the United States to be explored. Indeed, its course in many parts was unknown until within a few years. In 1869 Major J. W. Powell, later of the United States geological survey, started down the Colorado with nine men and four boats in spite of the protests of trappers and Indians. who believed such a trip meant death. He left Green City, Utah, on the Green river, May 24. He landed at the mouth of the Virgen river, more than 1,000 miles telow on August 30, minus four men and two boats The four men deserted the expedition through fear and three of them were killed by Indians, who would not believe their tale of having descended the Stygian stream. Since then the canyon has been often Robert B. Stanton and party made the second down the Colorado in 1889 to Firvey a route for a railroad.

THE SPECTACLE. But what can one say of this canyon as scenic spectacle that will convey to the reader an adequate conception of its sub limity and its majestic proportions? the extravagant hyperbole of the railroad pamphlet is pitiful in its presence. The predominant emotions when one reaches rim of the canyon are those of surprise and man at the station of Moqui, who cooks his awe. Most other famous canyons are row, with perpendicular, rock-bound sides, the Grand canyon is twelve to eighteen miles in width near Hance's, though the transparent atmosphere may make it appear butwo, and one may see up and down for twenty males in either direction. way he will the spectator will behold peak after peak, with little valleys or awfu chasms between, running away and away until swallowed up in the haze of distance. Erosion has been at work here and found something softer than granite or basalt. mountains, as well as irregular has left crags and cliffs. Looking down into the gorge one sees broad terraces alternating with precipices, and far away, seven or ten or fifteen miles, he catches glimpses of the rushing Colorado, which looks like a ribbon of silver peacefully threading the distant mysteries, now disappearing in gloom and then flashing out against a brilliant back-

Here is chaos, but done in colors. chasm is 6,500 feet deep, and a mile and a quarter from the river to the level of the surrounding country. One needs comparisons to grasp this tremendous fact. It would take twelve Washington monuments to span the perpendicular height from the river to the level of its rim. From this depth rise mountains which peep above the brink, and the eye wanders about over many square miles of plunacies and spires, turrets and domes in every imaginable shape, size, proportion and color.

The sides of the gorge are fiscked with patches of green cedars and pinons, but most of the serrated heights within Their strata are bared to the light and there is a riot of color that must fill the dullest soul to overflowing. There are con-trasts as violent as that of black basalt and white limestone, but there are also all the gorgoous hues of the chromatic scale. Mineral matter has stained many walls browns and reds and drabs, which are in terspersed with yellow rocks and scarlet sandstones. An Arizona sun brings out all these hues in flaming brightness, and it is a beautiful as well as a majestic panorama spread out before the spectator.

ROUTES TO THE GORGE. the canyon to the Colorado river by Hance's new trail, and the round trip may be made with horsen or mules in a day. Without animals it is better to take two days. Hance's old trail one has to go down per pendicular walls with the aid of ropes. The Cameron trail, four miles west of the hotel, is easier, but it is ten miles to the river. Every turn in these trails gives a new vista of pinnacles and turrets and a combination of colors. As the eye is turned upward and follows terrace after terrace until it reache the rim of the canyon, apparently in the sky, one gets a new, overwhelming sense of stupendous proportions of this freak of nature.

There is little vegetation in the upper heights of the canyon but cedars pinons and an occasional cactus. In lower depths moisture makes grass possible. The only living thing is the lizard, of various hues In some stretches the river runs calm and smooth, but in many others it is a rushing terrent, which fills the spectator on its banks with giddiness. Instead of the silver ribbon that it appears to be at a distance under the glinting rays of the sun, it is a black stream, which often tumbles and roars through narrow, rocky gorges, two or three hundred feet wide, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Thirty feet above the summer level, caught on jutting crags, are the debris and silt of spring freshets, showing what a torrent this river must be its wildest. But a short distance away the oar of this monster is swallowed up in the

mmensity of the chasm and lost. The climb out of the canyon is a trying mile an hour is a fair average speed, and unknown muscles are soon stretched to the snapping point. There is one injunction above all others to the man who ventures Never go into it without nto the canyon. water. One may do without food, guide or animale, but not without water, if he would prevent keen suffering and perhaps disaster. The thirsty sun of Arizona drinks every pore dry in an incredibly short time. In an iour ten thousand nerves will clamor for The lips crack, and the tongue is swollen and thickly coated with gall. The weakened system is racked with an agon; which tempts the sufferer to lie down unde he scant shade of a pinon and surrende Take food and guide and animals if you can; take water you must, for This injunction is based on painf nce. FRED BENZINGER. experience.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, etter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For saie by Kuhn & Co.

IN ABSENCE.

Margaret Armour in Black and White, When shadows dim the meadow-gold, and mignonette and musk Perfume through every scented fold the garments of the dusk, When all the heavens are yearning to the first faint silver star, My spirit leans across to you, beloved, from afar.

When courier winds begin to ride the highways of the dawn.

And up the orient hills, in pride, the car of day is drawn: en as the bridegroom, Sol, appears, and Earth's dismays are done, love from out the dark and tears, arise and be my sun!

Remarkable Cure of Kheumatism. While driving one day last winter. Mr. J. M. Thompson, of Decker's Point, Pa., was caught out in a cold rain. The next morning he was unable to move his head or arms owing to an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. His clerk telephoned for a physician, but hefore the dector came suggested that he but before the doctor came suggested that he use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, there being a bottle open on the counter. After being rubbed thoroughly with Pain Balm, over the effected parts, Mr. Thompson dosed off to sleep and when he awoke about a haif hour later the pain was cone entirely and his prospect holes. The hardy pioneer finds the canyon a genial winter resort. Its lower valleys are warm enough for green grass, which affords him a handsome income. He this liniment."

Reminiscences of Grant as Colonel of the 21st Illinois.

HIS LIFE SKETCHED BY HIS CHAPLAIN

Disorganized and Insubordinate Regiment Straightened Out in Ten Days-Foresaw the Destruction of Slavery.

Copyrighted, 1886, by S. S. McClure, Limited, (The author of these reminiscences died in 187 (The author of these reminiscences died in Is with earlying as pastor of the Methodist Episce pal church at Shelbyville, Il. He seems to have written them out about the time of the closin of the war. They formish one of the most graphic pictures of Grant ever given to the public.)

Shortly after I came into the regiment ou mees was one day taking their usual seats The course of the Colorado was far from around the dinner table, when Colonel Grant remarked: "Chaplain, when I was at home, and minis

> ters were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose that a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

> The inexcusable and foolish practice of using profane language, a practice too common in the army, and even among intelligent officers, is a habit to which Grant never degraded himself. I never heard him use anything like an oath under the most provoking excitement.

He was at heart and in expression an antiplayery man; yet he had but little sympathy with the previous movements and opinions of the so-called ultra-abolitionists. He be lieved slavery to be an anomaly in a free government like ours; that its tendency was subversive of the best interests of the master and the enslaved and our common prosperity as a nation; that it hindered the development of the highest interests of humanity; that i promoted aristocracy and a privileged class; that it encouraged idleness and an inclination to rely upon others to do what we ought to lo ourselves; that it resulted in one man lording it over the consciences of others, where God alone should be supreme; that it resulted in denying the slave the rights of his moral nature, annihilated his capacity for mprovement, shut out the light of truth and bound his soul in the chains of hopeless igorance and degradation.

Yet he did not regard the present war as being commenced on the part of the national government for the purpose of interfering with slavery, but for the purpose of enforcing the laws, suppressing the rebellion and main taining the union entire and the constitution inviolate. He often remarked, however, that believed slavery would die with this re bellion, and that it might become necessary for the government to suppress it as a stroke of military policy. SLAVE AND SLAVEHOLDER.

While we were at Mexico, Mo., a slave came to our headquarters one afternoon, fleeing from his master. He was greatly fright ened and fatigued, and while panting and puffing with the heat, he inquired in half 'Whar's de cunnel?"

"This is the colonel," said I, pointing to m, sitting by my side. "What will you bave, sir?" said Grant.
"I—I's—Mister—Cunnel. I's had to run'd
away, sah! Massa's orful hawd on me, sah!

He's close onto me, sah! Kin yo help me "Can't help you, sir; we are not here to look after negroes, but after rebels. You must take care of yourself."

The discomfited negro dropped his head and exclaimed, as if half talking to himself. "Lawd, I's afeered massa 'll be onto me! His eyes stood out fully an eighth of an inch further than usual, and he trembled from head to foot. As he was about turning away, I beckened to him to come around be-hind the tent. I took him to our gooking de-partment and filled his pockets with cold biscults and meat, and gave him a half dollar. and told him to make for the woods close by and steer northeast, and not to consider himself safe till he had crossed the Mississippi river. He bent himself nearly to the ground in his manifestations of gratitude. went with him and passed him through the guards, and his run after the manner of the driving Jehu, the

son of Nimshi, and would have refreshed the soul of a conductor of the "underground railroad."
He had not been gone more than an hour or two, when his master and another man made their appearance, inquiring after the fugltive. To the master Grant made about the same reply that he did to the slave; that we were not here to look after negroes, but

after rebels. The pursuers evidently did not relish the reply, and were about to turn away with angry mutterings, when Grant desired to know whether they were opposed to the rebellion, and in favor of the union. They were inclined to be evasive in answering that question as Grant had been in communicating intelligence about the missing negro. They were finally informed that they could no eave our kines without taking the oath of

RELATIONS WITH HIS REGIMENT. There was a strong mutual attachment between Grant and the men of his regiment, without any undue familiarity. The colonel who had first been in command of the regiment was one of those jolly, roystering, merry-making men whom the boys would call claver fellow. An Irishman once claimed that the candidate he supported was by all odds the best man, because he would drink, laugh and fight with the poorest man in the country, and drink as much, too. So, with this colonel. Hence, when Grant took command, he found his men almost in a state of complete demoralization each man in the egiment having, apparently, as much authority as another. It was a sort of dis-orderly mass, a hodge-podge of entanglements, an unsystematic, unarranged, hurly-burly of efficers and privates. Not that there by any means, an unusual deficency of and intelligent men in the regiment, but that thens, from the nature of the circumstances quietly kept themselves in the background while the bolsterous and wayward elements dustered and rejoiced in their privileges. In less than ten days after Grant took ommand, all this complicated confusion was command, all this complicated contusion was brought to order and subordination by his quiet, unostentatious vigor and vigilance. Every man felt that he had a colonel that must be obeyed and respected, and hence the colonel than they all soon became strongly attached to him, with the exception of a few who disliked any restraints upon their waywardness. IN COMMAND AT IRONTON, MO. Shortly after Grant was made general, our

regiment was moved to Ironton, Mo., where he was appointed to the command of the post, which numbered at our arrival about 3,000 men. The regiment was now com-manded by J. W. S. Alexander, who had been our lieutenant colonel and on whose shoulders the eagle fell on the promotion of Grant. The reader will pardon me for digressing long enough to say that Alexander was one of nature's noblemen, a brave, intelligent, patriotic soldier, and a true, upright Christian gentleman in all the relations of life. He was affable and courteous in all his deportment, and dilfgent and persevering in effecting his purposes. He lost his life boldly leading his men against the enemy at the but-

tle of Chickamauga, 1 11.

But to resume, we were threatened by 3,000 men, under Jeff Thompson, ten miles on the east, and by 10,000 under General Hardee, on the west. For several nights we lay on our arms, expecting an attack. But Grant managed the matter so judiciously that no attack was made. No one was allowed to pass outside of our pickets, and all who came within our lines were prevented from going out again. It was rumored abroad that we had a large number of huge pieces of artillery and that we were several thousand strong and were well fortified, while the fact was that we had hardly 3,000 men, and they mostly raw troops, and none of our cannon had yet been mounted, and our powerful fortifications, were as yet, all on paper.

While we were going down from St. Louis to Ironton in the cars. Grant took a zeat by my side and commenced conversation about the probable length of time it would take to suppress this rebellion, and also about his new appointment. And while talking of how he had best arrange in reference

That is true, chaplain; that's true; but

did not know but you might be willing to change your mode of life during the war." 'I am ready to make any effort to put down this rebellion, and shoulder the musket if necessary, but I am nearly 40 years old general, and I think it would hardly be prudent to change my occupation now, especally as there are many who are more perent and who would be glad to take the place you have kindly offered to me. 'The fact is, chaplain, the kind of men

who want the position are not the kind of men I want; these gay, swelling, pompous adventurers don't buit my fancy. I want men who have some conscience. 'You are on the right track, general, and you'll find them, doubtless, in tim

Well, chaplain, if you will not take a per manent position on my staff, will you stay with me a few weeks till I have time to make

"Certainly, sir, certainly." And at this point in our conversation he was summoned to attend a call in another direction.

I stayed with him the two or three weeks he remained at fronton. At the end of that time I went with him to St. Louis to procure ome tents and other traveling equipage nec mary to prepare the several regiments for marching southward.

CHARGED UPON BY THREE SOLDIERS.

We started from Ironton about dusk one evening, and walked up to Pilot Knob to the cars. Ten regiments were encamped in the neighborhood at this time. Pilot Knob is a mile and a half from Ironton. While we were leisurely measuring the distance and had gone half way, we were met by three soldiers, who ordered us to halt. Grant told hem they had no business to halt men a that point. One of the men was in his shir eves, and was without arms and drunk The other two had muskets and appeared to be sober. They doubtless took us for citizens for neither of us had about us a single weapon, nor any insignia of office. They expected to frighten us and enjoy some fun at our expense. Grant ordered the two mer with the muskets to arrest the drunken mar and accompany him to the camp. The drunken man ordered them, with an cath of prodigious energy, to charge on us with their good order. But the pointed steel was offensively close to me, and I spoke out with a very rapid pronunciation:

"Gentlemen, this is General Grant, the ommander of the post; you had better be areful." But the spirited gentleman in his shirt deeves replied, with a vehemence surpassing

-; I don't know him; you "Grant, can't fool me, boss, in that way; go in boys!

But his comtades refused to go in and shouldered arms and started off toward Ironton. The man in shirt sleeves cursed them for cowards and tried to take from one them his gun, that he might charge on us in person. But he was too drunk; his strength was not equal to the effort. The two ran off and left him roaring in a climax of profanity against them and us, while we went on to Pilot Kuob. When we reached the depot Grant hastily ordered a sergeant and seven soldiers to go in pursuit of the to their quarters and place them under guard, and keep them on bread and water till he should return from St. Louis. I have ever heard whether they caught them. suppose they did not, for it was quite dark before they were pursued; they had at least a mile the start, and it would have been mpossible to have identified them among 10,000 similar in appearance. If they did find them I have wondered how long they were fed on bread and water, for Gram never returned to Ironton; General Prentise took his place there.

PARTING OF GRANT AND HIS CHAPLAIN We reached St. Louis, and after consider able labor, and management, and confront ing a whole host of little Moguls and august Italian and Hungarian lieutenants and orderlies and captains and corporals and carriers and riders and musketeers, and swordsmen, waiters, and ushers, doorkeepers. hostlers and bootblacks, which Fremont had as a bodyguard, Grant finally succeeded in getting the necessary stores and equipments. We were waiting at the Planter's house, expecting to return with them on the next train, when Grant received orders to go immediately to Jefferson City and take com-mand of the forces there. As we parted he took me cordially by the

hand and said with considerable feeling: "Remember me to the Twenty-first; I am sorry to leave them. Goodby, chaplain; don't "Goodby, general; don't forget me; you

are going up in this world, manage it so that you will keep on going up when you leave it. Goodby, general."
REV. JAMES L. CRANE, Chaplain of Grant's Own Regiment.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right

It also touches it at the right time to you take it when you have a cough or cold See the point? Then don't cough.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE. S. R. Crockett, the novelist has been tell-

ing how hard up he was when he was a student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a riend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets, "Sometimes," he says, "I grew so hold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me a the time, and the coal warmed me afterward And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now escended to lift a lump off a cart, at least hardly—well, unless it was manifestly incon-veniencing the safety of the load or overburdening the safety of the horse, yo

Dr. English of San Francisco, who is now stopping in Philadelphia, is a practical joker of rare ability. The doctor possesses the most essential qualification of a joker—that is a perfect command of his facial expres-sion. A few days ago, relates the Philadel-phia Record, while a rain storm was at its height, a pompous man of large girth rudely pushed the physician aside, as he rushed for a Tenth street car. Just as the fat man puffed his way to the platform Dr. English yelled and wildly beckened him back to the pavement. With much astonishment and labor the passenger waddled to the curbstone and asked what was wanted. Placing his hands on the fat man's shoulders the asked him earnestly if he knew the day or the week. "Why, it's Tuesday," was the reply. "Are you sure?" entreated the doctor. "Yes, sure." "Great heavens!" yelled as he bopped on a passing car, English then yesterday must have been Monday.

A Washington correspondent of the Charleson News and Cour'er says that Senator Tillman has been getting more mail than any other senator since his recent speech, and he goes on to describe how letters the other day "were piled upon his desk to reemble a miniature fortification, behind which sat the junior senator, with a smile of satisfaction playing upon his rugged face. In his hand he held a letteropener, fashioned after his much-talked-of 'pitchfork,' the gift of an ingenious supporter of his peculiar doc-His senatorial associates stopped at his deak in passing to make facetious com-ment upon his mail and to express profound sympathy for his private secretary, who is spected to make answer to each correspond-Senator Tillman appeared to be delighted at the attention he was attracting and had a ready reply for each senator who visited him. Since the delivery of his re-markable speech in the senate he has re-ceived more than 7,000 letters commending his utterances and urging him to keep up the good work.' Many of his correspondents re-quest copies of his speech and to gratify the demand he proposes to have several mil-lions of copies scattered throughout the country where Tillmanism appears to be pop-

The failure of the Excelsior Manufacturing company in St. Louis last week recalls one of the most remarkable incidents in the commercial history of that city. Glies F. to his staff, he turned to me and requested that I would take a position on his staff, to which I replied:

"General, I appreciate the offer very highly, but my business in life is to preach,

as one of the solid business men of the city, his working capital being rated at \$1,009,000. His personal and business friend. John W. How, an ex-mayor of St. Louis, and he were in the habit of endorsing each other's paper for accommodation. In 1887 How ran away, bankrupt and disgraced. Mr. Filley realized at once that he was rulped in endersing for him as a more mat ter of form, and very cent of his fortune it would not sat isty all the debts. A meeting of creditors was held, and Mr. Filley attended it. Every man present was his personal friend, and a proposition was made that he settle at 50 cents on the dollar taking practically his own time to pay off the obligations. M Filley declined this proposition in a speed in which he pointed out that he had prosperous business; that though he had begun life poor he had become rich, and was getting richer; that the fact that his endorsements had been accepted for an ag-gregate sum largely exceeding his fortune showed that it was Filley individually and not Filley's commercial house that had been "I am at your service, general, with the understanding that I am to have the Sabbaths to look after the religious interests of our regiment."

scommodated. If given time and his life were spared, he said, he would pay every dollar of the obligations with interest. It was urged, even by his was urged, even by his creditors, that he would be neglecting his growing family by pursuing such a course, "My first duty to my family," he replied, "is to leave them an unsulled name; that I will do if God spares my life." This meeting took place in 1867. On the first day of January, 1881, in 1867. On the first day of piece of p. Mr. Filley took up the last piece of p. that stood against him and John How; that stood against him last instalment on in doing so paid the last instaiment on \$1.- The Scenes of Friday Were Again 400,000. This immense sum had been taken from the profits of the Excelsior Manufacturing company, its president meantime liv ing modestly, educating his minor children in the public schools, and otherwise setting an example to the youth of the country as an

EVERYONE WANTS IT.

onest man.

Encyclopaedic Dictionary. . The fame of the new encyclopaedic diction ary has evidently preceded its distribution in this community for the announcement three days ago that it could be secured has resulted in numerous applications, not only

Applications Pouring in for the New

from the city, but remote points. The evident desire on the part of the publie to possess the book has doubtless been materially augmented because of the fact that the Western Newspaper syndicate, in order to introduce the work, has offered 500 sets on terms absolutely unheard of for so valuable an educational work. It is published in four large quarto vol-

umes of over 5,000 pages, with numerous illustrations to explain the definitions, and to secure one of these few introductory sets is only necessary to send \$1 as the first pay ment, and the complete set will be delivered at once, the balance being payable at the rate of \$1.25 per month for one year, or at the rate of about 4 cents per day. But of course this nominal price applies only to the introductory sets, for the sub

scription price of the book is \$42 per set. Even at this latter price the work ha practically no competitor, for it is not only the most recent and complete English dictionary extant, but it is also the most com prehensive encyclopaedia ever published. Of course subjects are not treated at such after page to glean a few needed facts. The New Encyclopaedic Dictionary contains all these facts, but they are so concisely arranged that one can easily find them in their proper alphabetical order, and thus the work is a great time-saver. Even with all this wise condensation the

volume of the work much exceeds either Webster or Worcester, and contains 125,000 more words than the former and 134,000 more than the latter.

And when one considers that it is possible to secure a complete and perfect set of this splendid publication, and (after the cash pay-

ment of \$1) have a full year to complete the purchase at the rate of \$1.25 per month, it would indeed seem that the book buyers millenium had arrived. Such is really the case, but this most favorable opportunity to secure a work of life-long value at a merely nominal price will pass when the introductory sets are exhausted, at which time the regular subscrip-

M. Hoeffer, the well known Parisian entois wholly made of insects, great and small The subject, which consists of a river, mill, bridge, wood and mountain, is made up entirely of insects, not less than 550,000 specicurious "painting" is valued at \$8,000.

tion price of \$42 per set will prevail.

Many merchants are aware that their cus tomers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable As an instance we ment on Perry Cameron, prominent drugg sts of Flushing. Michigan They say: "We have no hesita tion in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents a bottle by druggists.

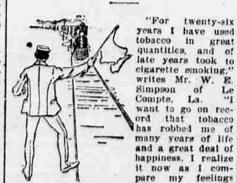
Thrifty Tallors.

A savings bank of New York keeps a record of its depositors. During the year 1894 there was only one actor, while there were 1.392 tailors; there was but a single editor while there were 725 laborers; there was bu

COT A BABY BOY NOW.

Happiness in a Southern Man's Home.

Heed the Red Fing of Danger at the Railroad Crossing-A Warning to Americas' Men.



late years took to eigarette emoking." writes Mr. W. E. Simpson of Le Compte, La. "I want to go on record that tobacco has robbed me of and a great deal of happiness. I realize it now as I com pare my feeling and my condition with that of a year ago when I was a tobacco saturated eigarette

nd. "Many and many a time did I try to "Many and many a time did I try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would increase hour by hour, till finally, to save myself, as it seemed, from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe stick and swallow the smoke.

'One day I read in my paper, 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing; it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery,

and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery. "I did not believe it, but like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I commenced taking No-To-Bac.

"The effects were magical; it destroyed the nerve craving and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it? made me well and strong.

"I have gained mentally, physically in vigor and manhood, and with the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer befouled with tobacco smoke, I am so happy today to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time-tested and tried, not only in my case, but several of my friends, who have also been cured. "We have a baby boy now.

"My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation, and in order that the memory of the happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the line, 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." No-To-Bac is popular here and all our

Dan't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

"No-To-Bac is popular here and all our druggists sell it. Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many mea with micotinized brains and weakened resolutions, if they will only make up their minds to save the waste of vital power-to say nothing of the money-now going up into smoke and out in tobacco spit."

one boarding house keeper and 337 peddlers. There were lets of shoemakers, bakers, barthere were lots of shoemakers, bakers, bar-bers, walters, eigar makers, but very few municians, liquor dealers, lawyers or men. Only five policemen, five lawyers and

KIRK'S

LATEST DISCOVERY.

Meets With a Magn ficeat Reception in Omaha.

The World-Herald Office Overrun With Applicants for a Free Sample.

Repeated Yesterday.

Yesterday at 5 p. m. the free distribution of

James S. Kirk & Co.'s Eos (Elixir of Sosp) closed at the World-Herald office. The scenes of Friday were again repeated. A solid stream of humanity filed in and out of their office from 9 o'clock in the morning until the very last minute of the time allotted for the giving away of samples, and we extend to Messrs. James S. Kirk & Co. our hearty congratulations for the appreciation shown by the people of Omaha and vicinity for their new and grand discovery. We felt at the start that the high character and well known standing of the old established firm of James S. Kirk & Co. was a sufficient guarantee for the World-Herald to take the advanced position they have in formally introducing their Eos (Elixir of Soap) to the people of Omaha,

KIRK'S EOS—Elixir of Soap

The many purposes for which it was

Eos was designed to be a perfect washing compound, a preparation that would do the family washing better than it had been done before, with less labor and without the use of a particle of soap. To accomplish such wonderful results the best equipped inboratory in the United States has been bending every effort for years past.

We believe that the public is fully aware that when a piece of goods passes the crucial test of the chemist in charge of this extensive laboratory and the preparation emerges from the factory bearing the name and trade mark of James S. Kirk & Co. that it must be as near perfect as modern science can make it. Among other advantages Eos has over any

washing powder on the world's market today are: That a little Eos in the water makes it soft and velvety. Any one putting their hands in water prepared with Eos will almost immediately exclaim: "My, this water feels like satin." We guarantee that Eos will prevent flau-

nels and woolens from shrinking a particle, and that if you wash your flannels in water in which Eos is used that they will come out of the wash soft, fleecy and white. For all scouring and cleaning purposes Eos occupies a pre-eminently first position. Use Eos in doing your family washing!

Use Eos to prevent the colors in your ed cotton goods from running! Use Eos to wash your dishes and for general kitchen work!

Use Eos to scour your milk pans! Use Eos to clean your paint! Use Eos when you scrub your floor, and

we repeat that your work will be done better than it has ever been done heretofore at half the labor and expense.

Kirk's Eos is for sale ...

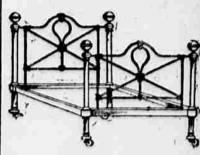
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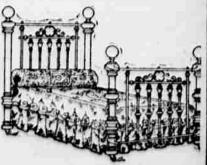
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